

# LITTLE RED HOOD

A CLASSIC STORY,  
BENT OUT OF SHAPE

ILLUSTRATED BY  
TONY ROSS

RATED  
**PG**





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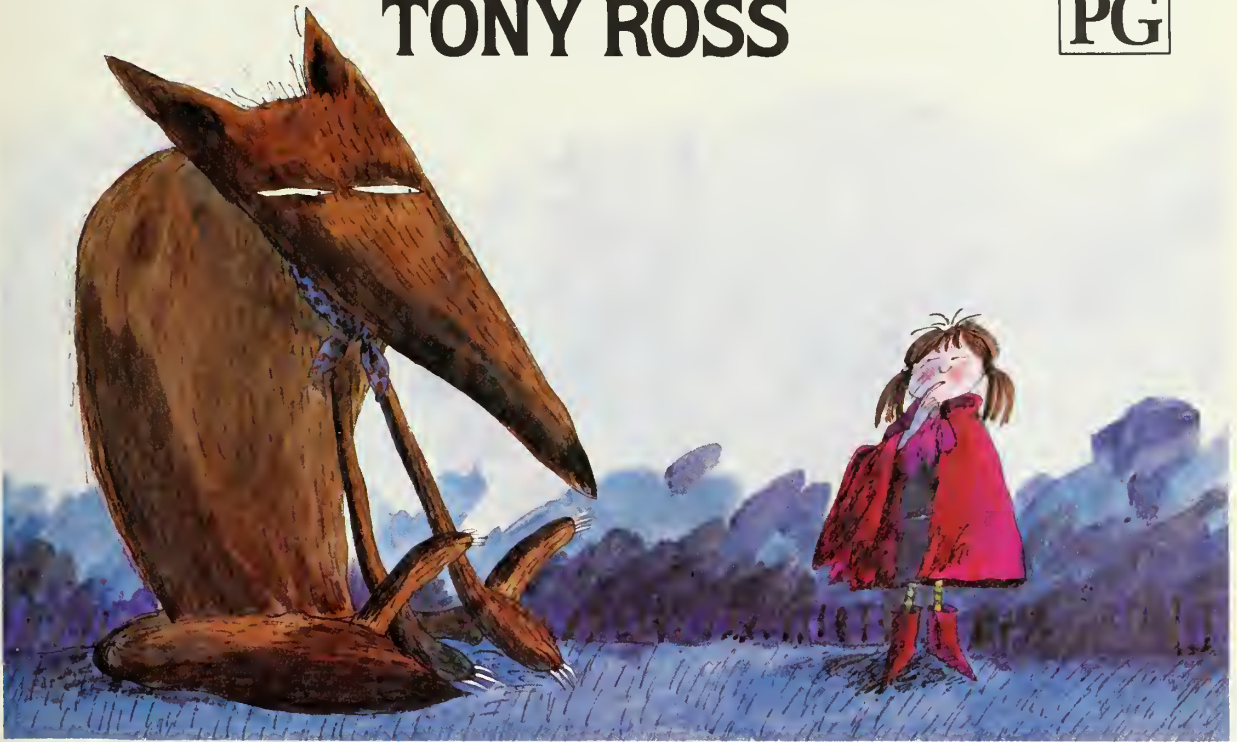
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Great Britain 1978 as *Little Red Riding Hood* by Andersen Press Ltd.

Once upon a time, there was a little kid without a name. Her father was into lumber, but he was a small-timer. Even though he sometimes sat it out with a cool one while the kid did the heavy hitting, Rocky was okay. She loved him and so what if he and her mother had been too busy to give her a name?

Still, she used to whack away at the wood, wondering whatever happened to the child-labor laws and thinking that she might get a couple of organizers and start a union.

Once in a while, she got time off to visit her grandmother, who lived in a forest—or at least someplace in Jersey.





The grandmother, Crazy Carmela, was a batty old biddy who loved to make clothes. She once worked in the garment industry and she still sewed up a storm like the old days in the rag trade, sitting in front of a big blown-up Polaroid of her father, Abe, when he was doorman at the Hilton and controlled the cabs, the numbers, and kept out the riffraff.

“Run me up a pair of jeans,” said the little girl one day. But the old lady, who wasn’t much in the head, made her a red cape instead.









Okay, so it wasn't Sasson, but the kid dug the cape anyhow and wore it around the neighborhood, showing a lot of leg. Her O.M. chased her, warning about muggers and telling her to get home and slice up some more trees.

"I'm bored with boards," the kid said, and the father knew his daughter had hit puberty and was almost out of sight. She yelled back that she was striking for better working conditions and fringes, one of which was the right to trade in the bike for a Yamaha. He called her a commie and soon the other kids had laid Little Red Hood on her as a name.









That was cool with her, better than no name, and after that Little Red Hood had more time on her hands. One day, the mother, Linda, who had just been to the deli, said: "Take some of these meatballs and a pizza and a six-pack over to my mother's. It'll keep her off the streets."

"You been *cooking*?" said Red.

"Nah," said the mother. "Frozen. Linda's liberated."









Then Red and the folks did a big farewell number, just in case there was a photographer around from *People* magazine, and she schlepped along, wondering when she would take delivery of her Honda. (The big Yamaha bikes were back-ordered for five months.) Suddenly, she saw this dog, a great deal of dog, *humongous*, a real Mama Mutt.

She pulled a weed and tickled him, figuring that if this hunk sneezed, he'd clear enough trees to keep her father's lumberyard swinging for a year.







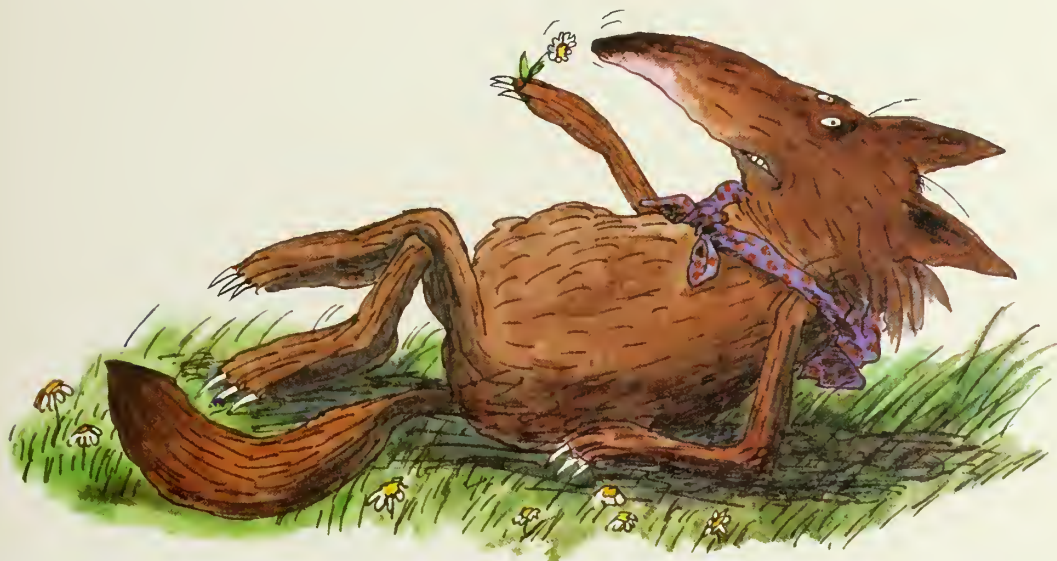






But the big thing was that the big thing was no dog. And no dummy either. The wolf figured fast that if he was going to get some local action, he'd better make nice.

He was just in from Detroit and he was, you know, meaner than a junkyard dog, but he took the tickling, smiled, showing his new caps, and said: "Listen, Farrah, there's lotsa' fine stuff growing around here. Why don't you gather some, we'll sniff a little, and maybe go nuts in May?"



“Hey, animal,” the kid said, “nobody uses that stuff any more. But there are some nice organic greens here.” Fine and funky, they agreed. While the kid picked, the wolf dropped the smile—Redford was never in any danger—and his eyes went to slits until he could have doubled for Dustin Hoffman. Now this wolf had a bigger nose for news than your average neighborhood wiretap. He knew the scene because he’d planted a bug in the old lady’s Luxo lamp. So he figured: First blow away the bag of bones and then the kid.



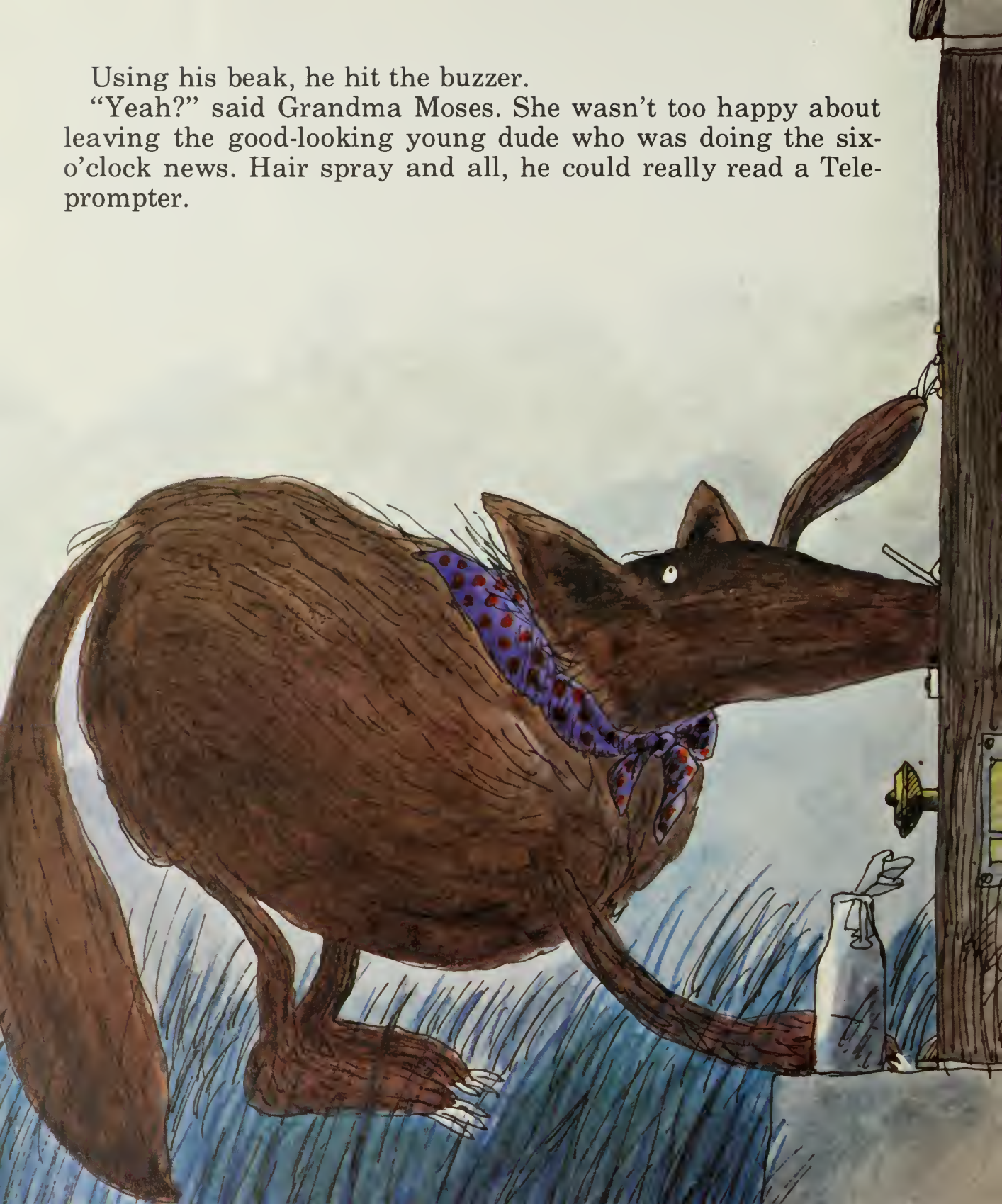






Using his beak, he hit the buzzer.

“Yeah?” said Grandma Moses. She wasn’t too happy about leaving the good-looking young dude who was doing the six-o’clock news. Hair spray and all, he could really read a Teleprompter.





The wolf shriveled his sound and said, "It's Little Red Hood, Grannie."

"Whatt'ya want?" said the crone.

"I'm your granddaughter, you turkey. You're supposed to love me. Besides, I brought you some diet Bud."

"Fantastic!" said Grams. "Come on in and pull off a couple caps."



So the stud from Detroit busts in, puts the hit on Miss America 1918, and a minute later is licking his lips. The old bag wasn't all bones at that.

He walked up three steps in the split-level, put on the nightgown he found in the bedroom, and slipped into the sack. Until he caught a profile shot of himself in the mirror. "Yucch," he said, got up and flicked off the light. Saves energy, he thought—and maybe this whole bit.







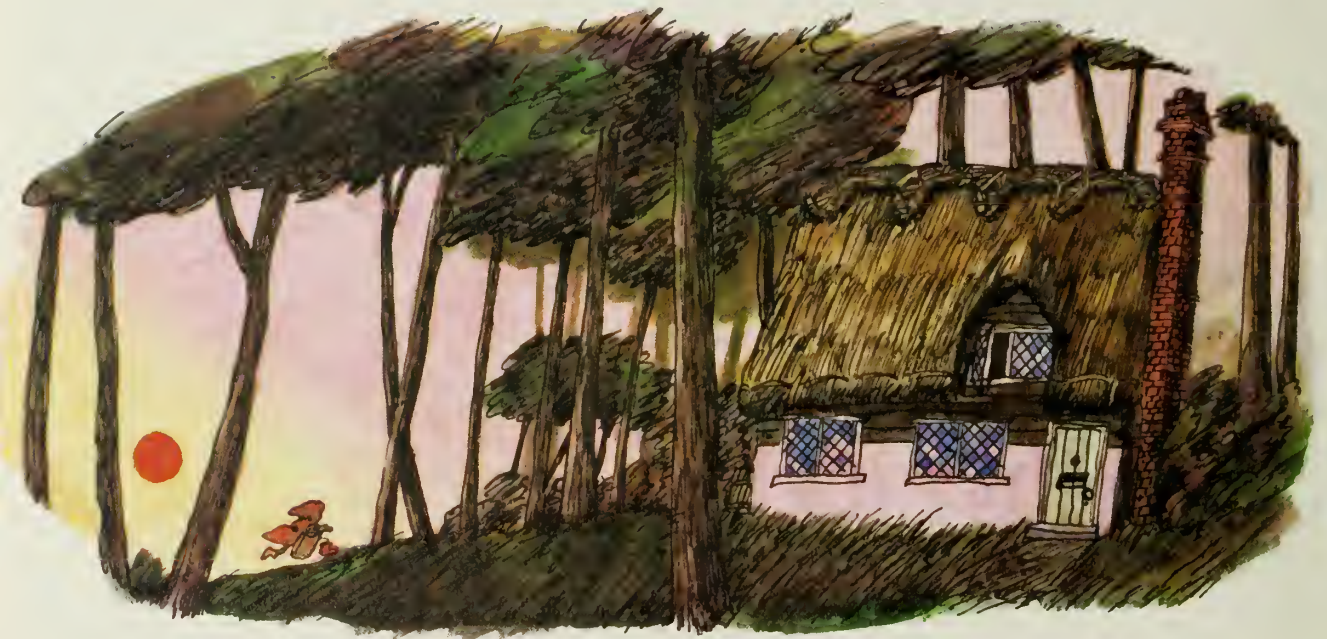
The shades of night were falling fast and so were the wolf's spirits, when he finally heard the kid bop on the door downstairs.

"Come in, dearie," he squeaked, trying to make his voice sound as old as the gag was getting. "I'm topside, flaked out."

"Okay," the kid said. "See you tomorrow."

"NO!" the wolf shouted, losing his cool and what was left of his falsetto.

The kid went in cautiously. "You sure you're okay?" Then she looked closely. "Hey, Gran—you better get your ears cleaned. Or your hair done."







"I can hear okay."

"And those *eyes*! You been to the optometrist—or you just giving blood?"

"Contacts," said the wolf and, scrambling to remember his lines, added: "All the better to watch TV with."





The kid touched a paw. “Wow, it’s dark as a disco in here,” she said, “but I *mean*. You got the only hands I ever felt that need a pedicure *and* a skin graft.”

The wolf opened his mouth and she reeled back. “And those teeth! That breath! Try a lung transplant....”



“All the better to eat you with, my dear,” he rasped in his own voice, finally getting the script straight, and then he zapped her.







“Man, I’m full,” said the wolf three minutes later, already desperate for a Fresca.

Meanwhile, the father, pushed by Linda, who was a *noodge* anyhow, was out cruising. Even if that kid had trouble getting a bus, she was overdue. Rocky swore that if she kept on staying out late, he would lock her out of the house.

While he was mentally denying her entree, he didn’t know that she had *become* the entree. And his mother-in-law the hors d’oeuvres.







Before long, with the other cats in the region sweating it out—for they liked Little Red, she was a *mensch*, real people—the father found Carmela's house. He broke open the door (which was a little unnecessary since it was unlocked) and saw the wolf with the fat gut. He fetched him up a clout on the snout, followed with a right cross to the basket, and shook him until he gave up his ill-gotten goodies. It was all a little overdone, like the front door, but what did Rocky know? He was just muscle.







The wolf split, but not before old Grannie Goose and Little Red had hit him with everything that wasn't nailed down—and a few things that were. He soon had more stuff coming at him than a garage sale.







That night Rocky, Linda, Carmela, Little Red Hood, and some of the crowd went off to the local *cantina* to celebrate, and there wasn't a loose clam or bowl of linguini or jug of Chianti that stood a chance.



Meanwhile, the wolf moved on to other turf, reached an agreement with the regional capo that he'd stay out of the way, went straight, and settled down.

It used to mean when somebody "bought the farm" that he was dead—but do you want a happy ending or don't you?





**SEE THE WOLF.**

**SEE THE WOLF SNIFF.**

**SEE RED RUN.**

If you saw the wolf, you get two points. If you dug that he was sniffing, go to the head of the shop. But don't jump to conclusions. That wolf is with *flower*, that's all, not with glue and nothing resembling pot. We said sniffing up, not shooting up. The wolf may be dumb, but he's not *that* dumb.

True, he's not much of a wolf. He wouldn't look good in sheep's clothing by Ralph Lauren. Still, even if he's all thumbs, he's our wolf. And keep him from your door because this wolf is death on doors.

As for Red, she's on the front cover, pumping like mad, cookin' like crazy. You would, too, if you thought you were going to run into the neighborhood animal just around the corner.



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